

RAPTURE IN THE SUN

Leland Jamieson

In memory of E.T.P., 1904-1981

The navel oranges Mom arranged
in her fresh centerpiece I changed
but slightly, picking one to eat
because it looked to be so sweet.

I salivated as I probed
my thumbnail in the rind that robed
the paler plugs inside of it,
spraying sunlit air, bit by bit.

Its rind-oils misted my whole hand
with essence of the toils Sun's spanned.
Inhaled, they were intoxicating!
Plug-bursts, on tongue? Ah! Captivating!

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